

# SPIRIT LAKE IOWA



AND ITS ATTRACTIONS

Graff

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A DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH  
OF THE  
SPIRIT LAKE REGION

(NORTHWESTERN IOWA).

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Written by Messrs. HOLMES & SWEETLAND,

SPECIAL TRAVELING PRESS CORRESPONDENTS.

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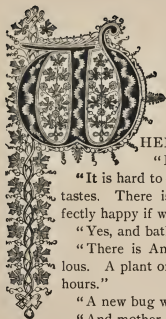
ISSUED BY PASSENGER DEPARTMENT

*BURLINGTON, CEDAR RAPIDS & NORTHERN R'Y.*

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1885.





## Where Shall We Go?

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HERE shall we go this summer?"

"I don't know."

"It is hard to decide, for we are a family of such varied tastes. There is Maggie and Nell, who would be perfectly happy if where boating was good."

"Yes, and bathing."

"There is Anna, whose love of the woods is ridiculous. A plant or wild flower would put her in ecstasy for hours."

"A new bug would do the same."

"And mother, who needs an invigorating climate."

"Yes, and father, who won't go anywhere unless the hotel accommodations are first-class."

"Then comes Aunt Jane, whose love for archæology and the wonderful amounts to mania."

"And yourself, who, besides having the girl's love for boating and swimming, are passionately fond of fishing."

"That's so. While you don't care a snap for it, all your energies seem to be given to hunting. You can't join us until later, anyway; but with a family of such varied tastes, *where can we go to please all of us?*"

"I don't know of but one place in America that seems to answer all the requirements."

"Where is that?"

## "SPIRIT LAKE, IOWA."

HAVE you been there?"

"Yes; last year and year before."

"What road is it on?"

"THE BURLINGTON, CEDAR RAPIDS & NORTHERN R'y runs through trains direct to the Lakes."

"I suppose the rates are low?"

"As low as the lowest, and my dogs and sporting outfit were taken up free of charge."

"Do you know about the Lakes?"

"I ought to, for I have traversed every foot of shore; shot hundreds of geese and ducks; caught a boat-load of fish in an afternoon, and wandered through the woods for hours together."

"Tell us all about them; I am much interested."

"I will; and when I recall some familiar scene, I can make it more vivid for all of you by some sketches which were taken on the spot."

"Good! Good!" they all echoed in chorus, and drew up around me, except the old gentleman, who looked up from his reading long enough to ask:

"You say the hotel accommodations are all right?"

"The Hotel Orleans is the best in the land, sir. The Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway own the building and grounds, which is a guarantee that it will be conducted in the most excellent manner possible."

"Well, tell us of the lakes."

"You know that I have tried, for several years, many of the so-called pleasure resorts and sportsmen's paradises that have been lauded to the skies and been praised until praise becomes a burden, but never, until I reached these lakes, did I find a place that accorded with my desires and views, and fulfilled my wishes. The great trouble is usually in advertising these resorts, that the numerous *disadvantages* that a person labors under are not told, but can only be discovered by actual residence."

"When I first went to the Spirit Lake region, it was to an entirely unheralded and comparatively unknown locality. I had

seen a few who had made it, for a number of years, a pleasant sojourneying spot during the summer months, and thought, for once, I would take a vacation, and, throwing the anxieties of work to the four winds of heaven, try some unknown locality, in preference to those so widely advertised and often so uncomfortably crowded with guests."

"But the lakes!"

"Yes, I am coming to that.

"Our party (there were four of us) rode as near to the locality as could be reached by railroad at that time, and then changing for a livery rig, we struggled through the mud and mire for some twenty miles, arriving at last to the shores of Okoboji, where we found pleasant accommodations, and for days after that, good meals and abundance of sport.

"We spent a portion of our time at the Okoboji Lakes, and a considerable portion in the different hunters' lodges around Spirit Lake.

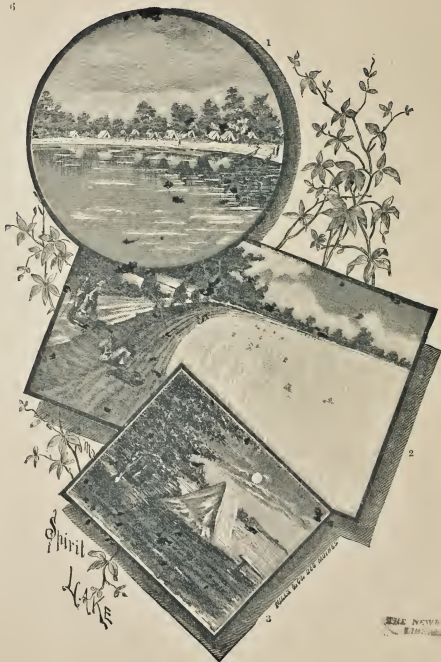
## "ROMANTIC AND PICTURESQUE

LOCALITIES are rare enough in what are usually called Prairie States, and romance is denuded of its principal attribute if you take away from it an association of lakes or rivers, streams or brooks, rippling rills or bubbling springs. On the summit of the great water-shed which separates the Mississippi and Missouri Valleys, at an elevation of 1,400 feet above the level of the sea, are embedded a group of the loveliest lakes to be found in the West. In fact, they are pellucid bodies of clear water, lapping the shores, which are in many places abrupt, but furnishing also an unusual amount of beach line, where the waters wash over the gravelly shores, as they have done for centuries.

"Within a radius of ten miles are a score or more of lakes, varying in size from a tiny pool covering half a dozen acres, to magnificent sheets of water with a surface of ten or twelve square miles."

"You say they are in Northwestern Iowa?"

"Yes; in Dickinson County, just south of the Minnesota line.



1—SOUTH SHORE. 2—NORTH SHORE. 3—SOUTH SHORE.



"Spirit Lake is the most northern of the group, and it is also the largest. It reaches almost to the Minnesota line at its northern extremity. It has an area of 5,600 acres and a shore line of  $13\frac{3}{4}$  miles. The west shore we found quite heavily timbered with trees fringing the bank at intervals, and along the east numerous smaller lakes nestle to the mother body on the west line, as a brood of young chickens, and, as they are all hidden in foliage, we found that they afforded covert and shelter for innumerable waterfowl during the Fall that we were there.

### "LITTLE SPIRIT LAKE

WAS with us a favorite resort, and you will see two large sketches taken from some commanding points on the lake. It is a mile north of Spirit Lake, reaching into Minnesota, with magnificent fishing grounds, timber surrounding it, and duck passes quite numerous. It seems to be even a greater favorite to sportsmen than Spirit Lake.

"I wish I possessed the eloquence to give you some idea of the scenic beauties of this region. Nature is the true idealist. When she serves us best she speaks to the imagination. We feel that heaven and earth are but a web drawn around us, and that the light, the clouds, the shadows, the silvery softness of the rippling waves, are but the painted visions of ecstasy emanating from the soul.

"I have seen the lake I am speaking of when it seemed to be under the influence of the Good Spirit—when all was peace—when the sunshine glittered on its placid bosom like rifts of light upon a mirror, and then I could imagine that its crystal depths were filled with water sprites and fairies. And I have also gazed upon it during the wild rage of a northern storm, when the waves beat and dashed with fury upon the beach, and the angry, hoarse notes of thunder reverberated back and forth, bringing to mind the memorable contest between the hosts of good and evil so vividly portrayed in Milton's 'Paradise Lost.'"

"You seem to have forgotten your paradise *found*, and be revelling in the memories of paradise *lost*. Tell us more about the fishing."

"Yes, and the boating," said Nell.

"And the bathing," said Maggie.

"Well, girls, there was plenty of boating when I was there. Sail boats were seen on every lake, and of row boats there were a legion. There are one or two steamers on the lakes now, and

### "THE QUEEN

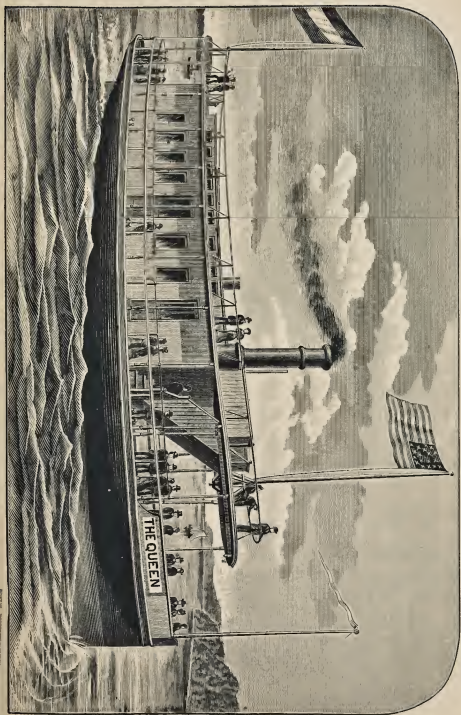
WHICH was launched upon Spirit Lake July 4th last, is a beautiful boat, capable of carrying one hundred and



VIEW OF LITTLE SPIRIT LAKE.

fifty people. It makes several trips per day from The Hotel Orleans to the different lodges and points of interest around the lake. Her machinery is of the latest improved pattern, and the ladies' cabin and saloons are fitted up in an elegant and tasteful manner. Various arrangements have been made for boating and bathing, so that the improvement is great in that direction, by the liberal use and expenditure of money, since the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern road was finished at this point.

"I remember that I was quite well satisfied with hunting, bringing in large quantities of game, principally ducks; but



when I learned that Mr. A. A. Mosher, the Assistant Fish Commissioner of the State, who has his hatcheries on Spirit Lake, had planted or caused to be planted in the three principal lakes, within the past two years, over 2,000,000 California salmon, mackinaw, trout, and white fish, that were all in good condition, I laid aside the gun without reluctance, and spent the mornings and evenings in fishing.

"In this we were also exceptionally fortunate, coming in almost every day with boat loads of handsome pike, pickerel, muscalonge, bass—rock, silver and black—and perch so numerous that we never took the trouble to keep them in the boat, but threw them back again, without a thought, to their watery homes.

"The interest taken by the Assistant Fish Commissioner in these lakes is such that no pains or expense will be spared, within the appropriation, for the propagation and growth of the finer varieties of imported fish, and I believe that, instead of the fishing grounds being used up in a few years, as is so frequently the case at summer resorts, that it will become better every succeeding year.

"Numerous boat houses are situated along the shores of the lakes contiguous to all the hotels which furnish handsomely shaped, neatly painted, comfortably cushioned boats, with or without a sail; also the necessary tackle, hooks, minnows, trolling spoons, etc., at a remarkably reasonable price.

"There were a number of sportsmen at the hunting camps distributed round the lakes, but I will not take time to recount their various exploits, although we were happy in the consciousness that others were fully as fortunate as ourselves, by seeing them return, night after night, laden with ducks and other waterfowl, and invigorated by the magnificent atmosphere, numerous explorations and healthful exercises.

"Along the west shore of Spirit Lake are a number of smaller lakes, only separated by a narrow causeway, or strip of land, often just wide enough to drive along, and at one place narrowing down until we had to drive our horses into the margin of the lake. The beauties of these small diamond settings, which cluster around the noble turquoise in the center, are such that they tinge

with romance a walk or drive along their shores, and enhance the feeling of praise to the hand of the great Creator, who, from his laboratory, must have drawn the choicest treasures of earth, air and water for this delightful region.

### “A WONDERFUL NATURAL CURIOSITY,

AND one worthy of more than superficial observation, is Sunken Lake, of which I read an interesting description, which I clipped and will read you: ‘It is a body of pellucid water several acres in extent, so clear that the bottom can be distinctly seen, which, wonderful to relate, is covered with distinct traces of vegetation, great tree trunks, gnarled branches and wandering roots. It is apparent that the body of the lake was once a forest as heavy and abundant as that which now lines its shores, but that, by some freak of nature, it has sunken to below the water line and become a veritable submarine forest, where, we doubt not, were the wanderer to go at dead of night, when the moon is at its full, he would be rewarded by seeing the elves and fairies of the deep, the water nymphs and forest fays sporting beneath the surface and playing at hide-and-seek amid its shadowy fastnesses. What think you? Do you like the picture? It is yours for the trouble of reaching there, and truly the world moves so rapidly that ease and comfort are taking the precedence over toil and wasted energy.’ ”

“That is a beautiful description; I should love to see it,” said Aunt Jane. “And you say there are evidences of the Mound Builders, too?”

### THE MOUND BUILDERS.

YES, indeed; along the west shore of Spirit Lake are points of rare interest to any one studying archæology. We found many places of interment used centuries ago by the Mound Builders—artificial mounds thrown up on the summits of high ridges of prairie, which here and there reach close to the shore of the



MADE BY J. H. HARRIS 1894.



SPIRIT LAKE—SOUTH SHORE, LOOKING WEST.

THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA

lake. The careless observer would take them for natural undulations, and only by tedious excavation have the evidences been found that this portion of the country was a favorite burial place of a race which has passed away ages ago.

"While I was there I had the exceptionally good fortune to accompany a successful exploring party among these mounds, and I helped to exhume many of the fragile bones from their shelter of mother earth. We found skeletons that were almost indistinguishable from the lapse of time since they were clothed with life and wandered through the forests. They had passed almost to that dust to which we all must sooner or later return.

"These vestiges and remnants were carefully collected from different mounds, together with relics of the Stone Age, which prove their great antiquity. I have heard of no explorations that have been carefully and consistently followed, merely those of the curious, of the most cursory character, scarcely getting below the surface. It is sufficient for this class of searchers to pick up a few bones, now and then a stone hatchet, or an almost indistinguishable pipe, and to take them home as relics of their trip, but it is left for the scientists, some time in the future, to make more systematic and careful researches, and I have no doubt they will be rewarded by more important discoveries than any that have yet been made."

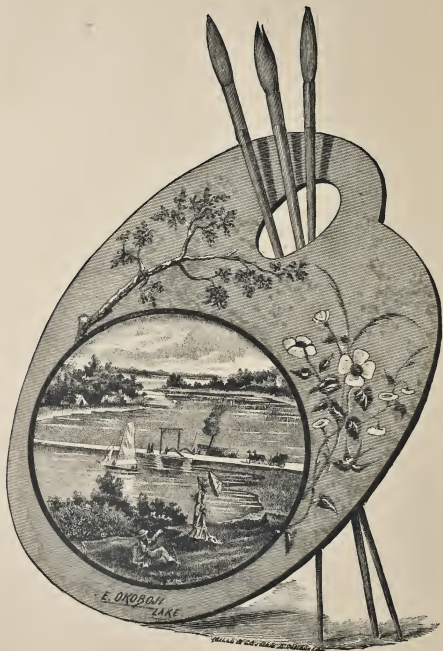
"That is very, very interesting, and I for one say Spirit Lake for our summer trip," said Aunt Jane.

"Tell us more about Spirit Lake; whatever gave it such a peculiar name?" asked one of the girls.

"Spirit Lake is the anglicized name for the more romantic Minne Waukon, Spirit Water, but as the Indian appellation was rather too much for our Anglo-Saxon tongue, the adoption of Spirit Lake as a name has been almost universal. Okoboji, however, retains its Indian name. I will tell you more about the two Okoboji Lakes before I get through, if you are not tired!"

"Tired! No, indeed; go on."

"Well, for a few miles along the west side of Spirit Lake the shore is quite bold with ravines running down to the water, furnishing outlets frequently for the smaller lakes, and, by-the-by,



LOOKING SOUTH.

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there was at one time a belief that Sunken Lake had a subterranean outlet into Spirit Lake; but that is impossible, as its level is from ten to twelve feet higher than its neighbor, although the latter is not more than fifteen feet higher to the east of it.

"At the lower end of Little Spirit Lake, which is separated from the main lake for some distance by a ridge not more than fifteen or twenty feet in width, we found a fine beach of sand and gravel, which skirts the north shore for four or five miles. We camped here for several days, and had some pleasant times rowing and bathing. The view from the northern shore looking south is

### SIMPLY MAGNIFICENT.

I CAN recall it distinctly now. It was a beautiful day, which might in lower altitudes have been too warm, but it was relieved for us by cool breezes from the south, laden with the fragrance of blossoming trees and flowers, and dampened by its course over the waters, which caused the white-capped waves to roll tumultuously and break in a thousand wavelets upon the sands. The distant sails of small craft we could see in different portions of the lake, while several anchored boats in the larger lake, and also many in Little Spirit Lake, indicated the number of happy fishing parties who were being rocked in the cradle of the mimic deep. We could see the little village of Spirit Lake outlined distinctly upon the southern sky, although it was several miles away. The cottages and farm houses, the artificial groves, the herds which dotted the undulating prairie to the east, made the picture more impressive, and the rural simplicity and unaffected habits of which Tennyson has so beautifully sung were recalled to my mind by this peaceful, pastoral scene."

"Tell us about the Okoboji Lakes."

"The Okobojis were where our first camp was located, and I don't know but what I might better have begun with the description of the country in this locality, which, however, does not differ materially from what I have told you of Spirit Lake. The entire number of lakes within a radius of about thirty square miles are included in what is known as



LOOKING WEST.

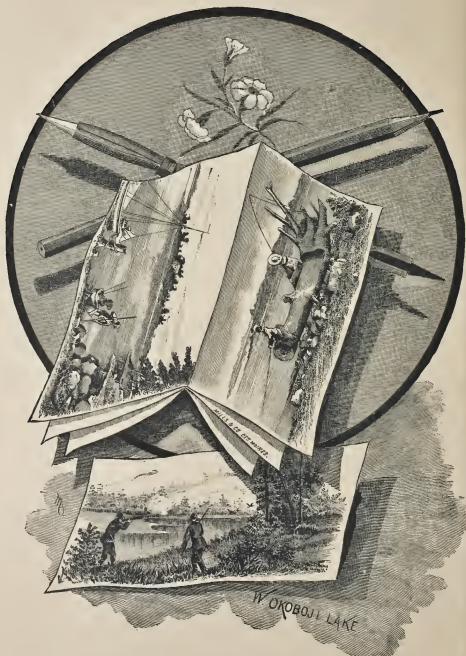
## THE SPIRIT LAKE REGION.

**E**AST Okoboji is more like a wide river than a lake. Its level is about four feet lower than the lake to the north, from which it is separated by a narrow strip of land. An artificial channel was cut between the lakes years ago for a mill race (as there is no natural connection); but it was soon abandoned. There has been much improvement during the past year. Along the isthmus a fine lock and race have been put in, while the railroad which traverses it only adds to its interest. Many cottages have been built along the strip of land between the lakes, which furnishes exceedingly pretty residence sites, with a view of Spirit Lake City in the distance, Spirit Lake to the north, and East Okoboji Lake, which forms a valuable adjunct for enjoyment in the locality, as it is a water connection between the two beautiful lakes at the extremities.

### “WEST OKOBOJI LAKE

**I**S thought by many to be the most beautiful body of water in the United States. It is a worthy rival to its more obese neighbor. The picturesque character of the country in this locality is such that the tourist is not confined to one, but can enjoy all of the different points of interest. The main chain of lakes form an irregular horseshoe, the northern extremity of West Okoboji forming the western half, and being only about four miles from the southern shore of Spirit Lake. The two Okobojs are joined by a narrow strait, the west lake curving to the northwest, and being about the same length as its sister lake, namely, six miles.

“It truly deserves all the admiration that is lavished upon it, for it possesses all the attributes of beauty to be desired, with the one exception, perhaps, of the rugged background found in the Como and Luzerne of Switzerland. It is irregular in shape, numerous bays indenting its shores with capes, and promontories appearing here and there, jutting out into the water and being in most cases covered with trees and shrubs. The water is so clear



1—WEST OKOBOJI, LOOKING NORTH. 2—WEST OKOBOJI, LOOKING WEST.

that objects are distinguishable at the depth of twenty-five feet, and many a time I have sat in my boat and with pleasure watched the silvery fish darting back and forth, and, what is an angler's keenest pleasure, detected the shy approaches of some, and the bold and greedy rapacity of others, in gorging the seductive bait with which we hoped to lure them from their native element."

"Is this lake as large as Spirit Lake?"

"Just about, although of an entirely different shape. It covers an area of over 4,000 acres, and has over eighteen miles of shore line, which is considerably more than Spirit Lake. It is very deep, and doubtless we have but little idea of the number of large fish to be found in its waters. The greatest depth yet ascertained is 250 feet.

"We found, as was the case at Spirit Lake, quite a number of beautiful beaches shelving down gradually to the water's edge, and of the peculiar character of sand known as gravelly sand, which was perfectly clean, so much so that a person might cover one's self with it, while wearing the most delicate fabrics, and not become a particle soiled. Under a linen glass or microscope this sand is peculiarly beautiful, and shows that each grain has its own individual characteristics, and is as perfect in form and brilliant in color as many of the gems. Scarcely any one who comes to this region leaves without carrying a bottle of this fine sand home to show their friends.

"There is no question in my mind as to the future of this admirable region, for even a blind man should find delights in its many pleasures, and the time is not far distant when the shores of all these lakes, or certainly Spirit and West Okoboji, will be lined and dotted with cottages for the summer homes of tourists. I believe many handsome hotels will be erected in addition to Hotel Orleans, built by the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway Co., on the southeastern shore of Spirit Lake, and that this region will become the most popular resort for health, pleasure and sport in Iowa, and even in the entire Northwest."

"You seem to be pretty well posted in the details."

"I think I am. I wrote several letters for different papers upon my visit and since, and many of the facts that I have been telling

you I believe I have given almost in the language of my correspondence."

"You have said nothing yet in regard to the legends of the lakes," said one of the girls. "I suppose, like other localities, they have their Indian stories?"

"Oh, yes. The picturesque surroundings of Spirit Lake naturally suggest images of romance and legendary lore, collected from the fancies of the inhabitants when the surrounding country was the undisputed home of the aborigine; for hundreds of years before the white man's foot had trod its shore the Indians roamed



VIEW AT SPIRIT LAKE LOOKING EAST.

at will among the sighing groves, and cleft with sharp-prowed canoe the transparent surface. Smoke from wigwam and council-fire probably rose for many generations from the wide knoll and sheltered nook, to mingle and be lost with the darker cerulean of the skies. It is truly a locality that one would suppose to be rich in the rude but picturesque and romantic lore of the Red man,

and tribal legends have been handed down in the traditionary manner peculiar to the savage races. Some of these legends have been preserved, and some have founded the basis of poems by local writers."

"Can you not tell us in regard to some of the most interesting?"

"One of the most striking and authentic was, I believe, contributed to the archives of a literary society organized by the earliest settlers of this region. It was written by Mrs. A. L. Buokland, now Mrs. Twiss, of Java, N. Y., and has been thought to contain considerable merit.

"There was another work of interest, giving a Dakota legend of Spirit Lake, called 'Wa-kan Bedah,' which was written by Lansing A. Palmar. In his introductory he states that his authority is from the superstitions of the Dakotas, the tribe of Indians formerly occupying Northwestern Iowa, but not accepting the name which they are now known by—Sioux. 'Dakota' signifies 'friendship.' Among the tribes everything of a mysterious nature—the thunder, lightning, wind, &c everything which was beyond their comprehension—was considered of 'spirit' character; it was Wah-kan. The overruling or Great Spirit was Wah-kan Tonka, and the name by which Spirit Lake was known among them was Wah-kan Bedah. I will read the most interesting portion of the legend:

"In the bosom of a rolling prairie;  
In the very heart of Nature's garden;  
In the land with Beauty's charms enchanting,  
Lies a lovely lake of sparkling water,  
Fringed with timber, oaks, and elms, and maples;  
And according to an old tradition  
'Tis a lake by spirits ever haunted,  
Known among the *Sioux* as *Wah-kan Bedah*,  
Lake of Spirits; Spirits good and evil.

On its western bank, within the thicket,  
In the years that now are quite forgotten,  
Through the days of Autumn and of Winter,  
Stood the wigwam of old *O-ko-bo-ji*,  
Mighty Chief of Chiefs *E-ton-cha Tonka*,  
Over all the tribes of the Dakotas!

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, when on the grave of O-ko-bo-ji  
Full a hundred years had cast their shadows,  
Guarding well that Chieftain's sleeping ashes,  
Dwelt a part of the Dakota nation—  
Dwelt the Santees in the midst of plenty:  
And among them was a youthful hunter  
Tall and comely in his every feature,  
And for skill and many deeds of daring  
He was loved and honored by the people.  
Never had his arrow failed its mission;  
Never had he shown a lack of courage,  
But had proved his blood the deepest crimson;  
And the people looked upon him, saying:  
"He will in the future be our Chieftain;  
He will lead our young men forth to battle,  
And our foes will fly before our warriors  
Like the leaves before the winds of Autumn,  
And with wisdom he will rule our Nation.

\* \* \* \* \*

But while yet his youthful heart was freighted  
With the joyous hopes of dawning manhood,  
In the early summer, ere the hunters  
From the shores of *Wah-kan Bedah* started  
O'er the plains, to chase the elk and bison,  
Home returning, came a band of warriors,  
And a captive maiden with them bringing.

\* \* \* \* \*

But the hunter, when he saw the maiden,  
Saw her fears, her weariness and anguish,  
And her beauty robed in native meekness;  
Then his heart was touched with love and pity;  
And his noble nature stirred within him.  
When he heard the merriment and laughter  
Of the jeering maidens gathered near her,  
And the sentence that was passed upon her,  
Silently he vowed the air of freedom  
She should breathe again before the morning  
Smiled on *Wah-kan Bedah's* mystic waters;  
And that from the land of the Dakota's,  
With the bands that bound her severed, with her  
He would to a place of safety hasten.

\* \* \* \* \*



Though she had not yet divined his purpose,  
 Nor the meaning of the words he uttered,  
 Yet a trembling voice within her bosom  
 Waged a tumult, till the quickened beating  
 Of her troubled heart almost o'ercame her ;  
 But determined either death or freedom  
 Should be hers, she bravely, nobly struggled  
 With her fears, her weariness and weakness,  
 Till she saw the boat beneath the linden,  
 Which revealed to her the hunter's purpose,  
 And gave life renewed to hope and courage.

\* \* \* \* \*

And from shore the hunter and the maiden  
 Scarce had started, ere the warriors, startled,  
 Listened to the maidens as they told them  
 How the we-ah-scah, the pale-faced captive,  
 And the hunter now o'er Wah-kan Bedah,  
 In the hunter's wah-tah† fled together.

Then with vengeance on their lips, the warriors  
 Quickly strung their bows, and seized their quivers  
 And unmindful of the weird tradition  
 Which their fathers had to them imparted,  
 Of the spirits, good and evil, dwelling  
 'Neath the waters of the lake before them,  
 And the great command of O-ko-bo-ji  
 'Ere he to the spirit land departed,  
 Launched with eager hands their boats, and started,  
 Vowing that the hunter death must suffer,  
 And the captive by his side must perish.

But the hunter long had used his paddle,  
 And his arms were strong, and swiftly glided  
 His canoe across the ruffled bosom  
 Of the weird, yet lovely Wah-kan Bedah,  
 While the warriors, in their haste and fury,  
 Made not half their wished for progress.

Now the clouds had overcast the welkin,  
 And the mighty God of Winds, great Toon-Kan,  
 From the north began to breathe in fury,  
 And o'erhead the voice of Wah-kan Ke-yan,  
 God of Thunder, spoke in wrathful accents,

† A canoe,

While the clouds were rifted by the flashings  
 Of the hidden eyes of Adah We-ah §  
 From which came the tear drops down in torrents,  
 And the Spirit of the Waters, Wah-kan Ktay-he,  
 Frightful caverns made within the bosom  
 Of the lake, and all the spirits dwelling  
 In the crystal chambers 'neath its surface  
 Raged indignant at the willful presence  
 Of the warriors 'mid their realms enchanted;  
 So they rallied forth in mighty numbers,  
 Quickly seized the boats and pulled them under,  
 Leaving not a warrior living.

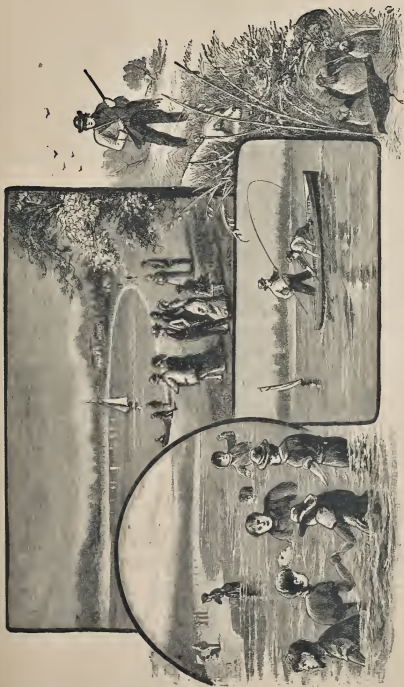
\* \* \* \* \*

But across the lake, despite the tempest  
 And the angered spirits of the waters,  
 Safely had the hunter and the maiden  
 Made their transit, and when dawned the morning,  
 Gladly toward the morning sun they hastened,  
 Fearing naught (for love their hearts delighted),  
 Till they reached the maiden's home and kindred,  
 Where they dwelt in happiness together,  
 Till the Father's voice, in gentle accents,  
 Called them to a home beyond the river,  
 To the realms of spirit life and glory,  
 Wherein dwelleth nothing that is mortal.  
 But on Wah-kan Bedah's sparkling waters  
 Never since has a canoe been paddled  
 By the hand of any true Dakota,  
 For he feared the spirits 'neath its surface,  
 Spirits mentioned in the weird tradition;  
 And upon its shore no more he lingers,  
 For his path is far beyond that valley  
 Over which the endless shadow hovers,  
 For he journeys in the land Eternal.'"

Amid cries of "beautiful," "quite romantic," "exquisite," etc., from the girls, father said:

"Legends are well enough in their way, but is not there a town up there of some character? I have not heard you say anything

§ The Dakotas also believe that the lightning is the flashings of the eyes of the sun (Adah We-ah) in his anger, and that thunder storms occur only when the Gods are angry, and that the Great Spirit (Wah-kan Tonka) is angered only by the evil doings of the red men.



SOME OF THE ATTRACTIONS AT SPIRIT LAKE.

about it yet, and anybody would imagine from the rhapsody that you have been indulging in, it was a howling wilderness."

"A town? Yes, indeed; and quite a pretty little town, too.

## "THE CITY OF SPIRIT LAKE

OCCUPIES a handsome site, elevated, undulating, tree-fringed, upon the west shore of the north end of Okoboji, and about one and a half miles from Spirit Lake. When I was there, there were about 250 or 300 people, mostly engaged in different kinds of mercantile pursuits, and gaining a living from the product of the country. It has since increased to nearly 1,500, and is growing with remarkable rapidity. It has a good school of two departments and two teachers, two church edifices and more in prospect, civic societies, any number of hotels and boarding houses offering inducements for the accommodation of tourists and sportsmen. There are two very good papers, the *Beacon and Journal*. There are quite a number of handsome stores now carrying large stocks, also three banks. It is laid out with broad streets, and plentifully supplied with natural and artificial foliage, so that, when time enough has elapsed for the inauguration of permanent and substantial improvements, it will be one of the prettiest as well as the most widely known cities in Iowa.

"I received a letter from a friend of mine who has gone up there for a little sporting, and he is remarkably pleased with the country. It won't do any harm to read you a little of the letter."

"Read it! Read it!" cried the girls; "we are interested."

"We had a most delightful trip. We boarded the cars at Burlington, of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway, and instead of being bounced over the country in a smoking car, or dragged through ditches and mud holes in a rusty stage, we found everything consistent, and the equipment of the road the best we have ever seen. Our party were expecting a long, tedious ride in hot and dusty coaches, but, I declare, it has been metamorphosed into a delightful trip in reclining-chair cars.

"Our route was through one of the richest agricultural districts in the world, and through Iowa's most thriving towns. We

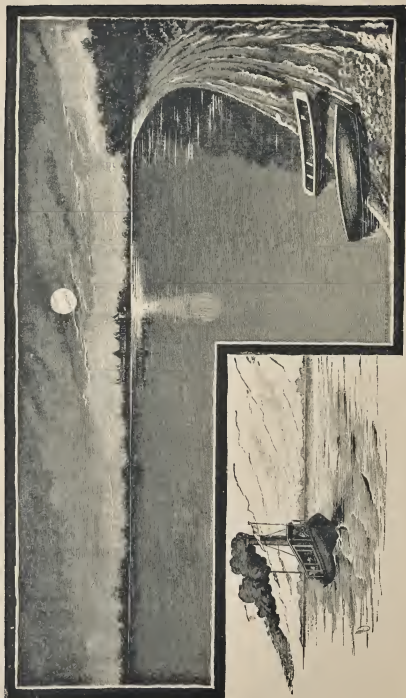
left the main line of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway at Vinton, and we passed over the new branch, which we found made connections with the leading lines North and South and East and West.

“As we journeyed to the Northwest we found the country bearing evidence of more recent settlement, and the last hundred miles was through a region that has just been opened to the world by railway communication. Some sixty miles southeast of Spirit Lake our route was along the level and fertile valley of the Des Moines River, a country already rich in corn and cattle, and destined to become a mine of wealth. We saw the sleek herds grazing upon the various nutritious grasses of the prairie, and we found the broad acres checkered with green and tender shoots of corn.

“We followed the Des Moines River up about forty miles, then finally verging to the west and beginning an almost imperceptible ascent, that finally brought us to the highest point in Iowa. This elevation was attained about five miles west of the Des Moines River, and it was only a few miles further before we caught our first sight of Spirit Lake. The view from the top of the divide was charming. Looking toward the northwest we could see the lake, which showed us a bold shore at the nearest point, and gave us an unobstructed view of the southern half, with the beautiful Hotel Orleans forming a foreground for the picture.

“Suggestions of greater proportions to the lake were formed by occasional glimpses of what lies north of Stony Point. From the south windows of our car we looked first directly west, where we could see the north end of East Okoboji, which at first glance we took to be a portion of Spirit Lake. A little further on we caught sight of the beautiful young city to which we were bound.

“After we first sighted the waters a four-mile ride brought us to the south shore, where the train stopped, giving us an opportunity to examine in detail the large and handsome Hotel Orleans with its verandas and minarets. The road then wound along the level sand beach for nearly a mile, directly across the isthmus which separates Spirit Lake from East Okoboji. This isthmus is about fifty rods wide. I have taken a run up to



SPIRIT LAKE—SOUTH SHORE, LOOKING EAST.

## WORTHINGTON, MINNESOTA,

SINCE we have been here. That is the northern terminus of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway, and I really think there are a great many reasons why Worthington might be considered quite a prominent resort, were it not for its close proximity to Spirit Lake. There are two beautiful little lakes near the town—East and West Okabena—with a shore line of about twelve miles, and good gravelly bottom. The fishing is good. We made fine catches of pike, pickerel and bass, and other varieties, and they tell us that if we come there in the season we can get any quantity of ducks, geese and prairie chickens. Just read your folks my letter, and tell them that if



THE HOTEL ORLEANS.

they want a place to have a good time and spend a month or two in pleasure, this takes the cake.

Yours,

NED.'"

"What about your hotel—is it fit to live in?" asked father.

"Well, I should judge so, unless you are pretty hard to suit."

## "THE HOTEL ORLEANS

IS the pride of Spirit Lake. This letter I just read tells where it is. I believe the architecture to be nearly similar to the Lake Park Hotel at Minnetonka. The dimensions of the main building are 352 by 40 feet, two stories on the east side, and a basement in the west end 84 feet, making it three stories, with an addition of about 120 by 60 feet from the center of the house to the railroad track, which contains an immense dining room 50 by 60 feet. The building is surmounted by nine handsome towers, one on each corner, and one in the center over the elegant and commodious office. There are about 3,000 feet or more than half a mile of verandas around the hôtel, all sixteen feet-in width."

"Is there a depot near?"

"A fine, handsome depot is built quite close to the hotel, and meals are served to passengers in the elegant hotel dining-room for morning and evening trains."

"How large is the hotel?"

"It contains about 200 rooms, all of which are of an unusual size for a resort, none being less than 12 by 14 feet in dimension, and furnished in fine style, with annunciators, gas, water closets and bath—in fact, every modern convenience. A steam laundry is also attached to the hotel. The north side of the house entire fronts Spirit Lake. I believe the approximate cost exceeded \$70,000 furnished. It was opened last June, and the first real season at this great summer resort was

## A PHENOMENAL SUCCESS.

EVERYTHING which could be done for the comfort and convenience of guests seemed to be the first care of proprietor, manager and employes. One of the finest bands (brass and string) in the State discourses sweetest music during the day and evening, while every Saturday night the mammoth dining-room is cleared of its furniture, the floor waxed until as smooth as glass, and the merry guests are soon whirling in the mazy figures of the dance.



"Ample provisions are also made for other sports. A neat and tasty billiard hall is found in the house, a fine bowling alley adjacent, croquet and lawn tennis grounds near the building; the boat houses, with their complete paraphernalia for sailing, rowing, fishing and hunting, just a step, while the handsome bathing house is also near at hand. He who craves sport of any character can assuredly become satisfied here. The hotel is located in a delightful park of forty acres, covered with a natural growth of trees, through which, leading in all directions, are beautiful walks and drives."

"That's all very well, as far as it goes, but will we get anything to eat? That's the important question-with me," said father.

"Yes, an abundance. The hotel has been leased for a term of years to J. W. Hutchinson, who is well known throughout the country as manager of the Lake Park Hotel at Lake Minnetonka. His record at this hotel is a sufficient guarantee that the Orleans is kept in the best manner, while guests of the first season are loud in their praises of cuisine, attendance and general accommodations."

Anna here interposed with a question regarding one of our hunts, and desired me to give a little sketch of the scenery and interesting incidents; and willing to oblige her, I began telling about the third day's hunt along the banks of Little Spirit Lake.

"It had been a brilliant day. The sun had set in regal splendor, like a great molten ball passing from sight in a chariot of gold. We had been remarkably successful on our all-day hunt, as the pile of mallard, teal and canvas-back ducks attested, and, wearied at last of sport, we had camped on the banks of Little Spirit Lake. While my companion, by his choice, was preparing our supper, I sank upon a mossy bank, and gazed out upon the mirror-like surface of the lake, which was in many places broken by a slight ripple, the golden-tinged waves leaping after each other in sportive glee like a myriad of fishes—modern Arcadia, in good sooth, and the picture, as I gazed upon it then, will remain vivid in my memory forever. In many places the trees overhung the waters until their leaves kissed and flirted with their azure depths.

"From romance to reality. From the restful scene to supper. After which, for an hour or so, we smoked our cigars and spun the inevitable hunter's yarns, until our heavy eye-lids warned us that nature required rest; so, rolling ourselves in our rough blankets, with a pillow of moss, we were soon in a dreamless slumber.

"'Awake!' It seemed to be a voice in the night, and so impressive was it that I sat up and gazed around in semi-unconsciousness. Was this the same scene upon which I had looked at sunset? Yes; but how changed. The God of Day had abdicated his throne to the honor of the Queen of Night, who was just emerging above the darkened tree tops with her livery of silver. The lights and shadows were wonderful. The trees seemed to be in whispered consultation. Fantastic figures danced from the shadows over the silvered surface of the lake. Would it not put life into the artist's pencil? Would it not stir the poet's fancy? A song of the night! A symphony of silver light and densest shade!

"' 'Twas a glimpse of Paradise, framed in green,  
'Twas a tiny lake of blue  
Capturing rifts of the moon's pale sheen,  
Sporting with every hue.

"' 'Methought, as I gazed, of the legends of old,  
I could see the maiden brave,  
Who dwelt 'neath the glittering waters cold,  
In a beautiful shell-like cave.

"' So I pushed my canoe from the shelving shore,  
Dipped my oar in the silver beam,  
But the Indian maiden I saw no more,  
She had vanished like a dream! "

There was quiet for several minutes after I had finished speaking, and I know that my story had made an impression. After I had given them a long recital of the pleasures that I enjoyed in bagging prairie chickens, quail and small birds, or lying in covert for ducks and geese, the question in regard to the healthfulness of the locality was introduced so as to quiet mother's fears, and cause her to be one of the party.

## SPIRIT LAKE AS A HEALTH RESORT.

Too much importance cannot be placed upon the two attributes of health—good water and pure air, and it is no question in my mind that no better or healthier locality can be found in the State of Iowa. The breezes are dampened and fed with moisture from the surrounding lakes, and are wafted through the forests until scented with sweet perfumes and health-giving



odors. The invalid, besides being refreshed and invigorated by the surroundings, obtains a considerable amount of regular and unusual exercise, besides having an entire change of diet, and a complete immunity from the unpalatable cooking of so-called civilized society. Fresh, pure air and good water are better doctors than they are often given credit for, and when connected

with the other attributes of ease, comfort, exercise, boating, bathing, and last but not least, a cessation from dosing and drugs—it does not take long to have the beneficial effects apparent.

"Your description has been intense, and has interested all very much," said Bob.

"Yes, indeed," answered Anna.

"I enjoyed it," said Maggie, which was echoed quickly by Nell

"Well," aunt Jane remarked, "I suppose then it is settled"

Here father spoke up with considerable decision "Yes, it is settled, WE SPEND THE SUMMER AT SPIRIT LAKE."



HUNTER'S CAMP ON SPIRIT LAKE.

THE magnificent hunting, fishing, boating and bathing resorts of Spirit Lake and Okoboji, described in the foregoing article, are reached in the most direct route, by the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway. This line has been a general favorite since its completion, and is perfect in every detail. The track is thoroughly good, well ballasted and smooth. The rolling stock is the best that money can buy. The cars are clean and wholesome. Every attention is paid to the comfort of the traveling public. Through trains are run between Burlington and Spirit Lake, consisting of coaches, baggage cars, and reclining-chair cars, leaving Burlington in the morning, and

after the arrival of trains from the East, South and West, reaching the Lake in time for supper. Round trip tickets at reduced rates can be purchased at all ticket stations on this line and connecting lines, VIA THE BURLINGTON, CEDAR RAPIDS AND NORTHERN RAILWAY, to this delightful resort. Hotel rates can be had by addressing J. W. Hutchinson, at Spirit Lake, Hotel Orleans.

Dogs and guns, and hunting baggage, with accompanying paraphernalia, are transported free of charge over the B., C. R. & N. when a sufficient number of tickets are purchased. All trains stop at the elegant Hotel Orleans, where there is also a station, allowing parties to alight immediately in front of the hotel, and secure their baggage there, instead of necessitating a long trip from the depot to different hotels by 'bus or carriage.

## THE SPORTSMAN.

NEARLY every one who travels for health or pleasure is more or less interested in the pastime of hunting and fishing. When off for a trip in the country, the mind seems naturally to revive the memories of youthful days, when vacations were spent in rambling through woods or along meandering brooks, with what then seemed a marvelous success. The man who has no such memories to recall is the one who seldom travels for the charms of rural life and the beauty of babbling brooks coursing through green meadows or shadowy forests, have no attraction for him; he never felt the thrill of pleasure that runs along the line and rod from a lively trout or bass, or the enthusiasm that is awakened by dropping a "double" in the gray light of morning, when the air seems to be filled with a double charge of health-giving properties. For those who have fished and hunted in the older States, where game is scarce and fish not plenty, Northwestern Iowa is a land of unfailing pleasure; a land overflowing with the good things that delight the sportsman.

### THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE

is here. For several years, when it required a stage ride of twenty miles from the nearest railway station to Spirit Lake,



sportsmen resorted thither in large numbers from all parts of the country, as there was, and still is, to be found, that which is dearest to the sportsman's heart. In fact, it was they who first discovered the many and varied natural attractions of this wonderful place, already made famous for its splendid hunting and fishing by their goodly reports; and who more competent to judge? There are good camping grounds everywhere, good water, and a choice of quail, prairie chicken, pheasant, woodcock, grouse, wild geese, ducks and brant. Of the feathered game, prairie chickens, quail, pheasant, ducks and snipe should be especially mentioned as being very abundant. Of fish, it may be said that the lakes are teeming with pike, pickerel, silver, rock and black bass, perch, and other varieties in lesser numbers. Is not this truly the Sportman's Paradise?

"Here is the angler's paradise,  
A dreamy, Eden-like retreat."

Several of the older residents are always ready and glad to give reliable information as to the "best" places for particular game, and even to conduct parties when solicited.

## THE SEASON OF 1884.

### THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH SAYS:

For years unaccounted this cluster of gems in their emerald setting have rustled comparatively unknown, certainly unheralded, in the far northwestern portion of Iowa. Here the breezes blow at all times either over the lake to the north or over the lake to the south, and come laden with sweet perfumes from off the flowering banks, freshened by the moisture gathered in its short trips over the pure and sparkling bodies of water. \* \* \* Minnetonka has become fairly well known to the people of St.

Louis and the South, but when the merits of the beautiful Spirit Lake are once ascertained, there is no question that this highly-favored region will divide the honors with her older rival. \* \* \* Several prominent St. Louis gentlemen contemplate buying available shore lots and putting up cottages the coming season.

#### THE RURAL NEW YORKER SAYS:

Okoboji and Spirit Lakes deserve more than a passing notice, and in their *tout ensemble* would set at naught the descriptive powers of a far more gifted pen than ours.

#### THE HOTEL GAZETTE, OF NEW YORK, SAYS:

Deep in Nature's heart in the far Northwest, rivalling Killarney or the crystal lakes of Como, is the region from which we write to-day; and yet, what is the distance, when one takes into consideration the pleasure of the trip and the deep satisfaction with which we leave the cars and view for the first time the translucent waters of this beautiful lake.

Seen 'neath the tender rays of the setting sun,  
It seems a poet's dream but just begun;  
An artist's fancy could not reach so far—  
'Tis a glimpse of Heaven, with golden gates ajar.

The Hotel Orleans, a magnificent house, was opened by J. W. Hutchinson June 15th, and is receiving a large and increasing patronage for the first season. His management is good, his house irreproachable, his *cuisine* superb, and his waiters, all of them, *sans reproche*. A fine band discourses sweet music; hops are held twice each week; boating, bathing, steamboat trips, delightful drives and bowling surfeit the guests with amusement, and people who come here with faces as long as the moral law leave in highest spirits and with regret. We heard one gentleman remark, "A week at Spirit Lake was like a beautiful dream—too good to be true." Many guests from all parts of the Union grace the corridors.



We take the following in relation to Spirit Lake, Iowa, from the *Inter-Ocean*, of Chicago, August 3d, 1884:

"At this season of the year human endurance is pretty sure to call a 'halt' or a 'right about face!' and if we fail to obey the command promptly, we are quite as sure, later on, to be court-martialed and disciplined just at a time when our business or family cares can least bear interruption.

"Rest is as essential as the alternation of night and day. But nature has something more than the alternation of night and day.

"She has a season of rest in which she re-creates her impaired forces. So man must have something more than the rest which night brings, he must have his season in which to re-create himself by change—change of scene, of climate, of place, of occupation.

"By this means man renews himself and is fortified against disease. It is a question worthy of serious consideration whether, in the presence of serious epidemics, the poorer wards of the cities suffer most, because of the faulty, local, hygienic condition of the wards, or because their inhabitants never have any outings—recreation. Our floating hospital charity had its birth in a recognition of this demand for change, and the recognition of the fact that without it nature languishes.

"Weeks that should be spent out of the city are often wasted in a fruitless discussion of the question, 'Where shall we go?' Go where nature offers you the greatest inducements and where civilization can make the least demand upon you. Row, ride, fish, lounge, sleep, eat.

"Do nothing, absolutely nothing, from a sense of duty except to eat. A blind venture of settling the question of 'Where shall we go?' proved such a grand success to the writer that I am inclined to record my experience, as the most humane thing possible for me to do for those who are yet wrestling with this interrogation, with the prospect of going nowhere in the end. Spirit Lake, Iowa, was selected from a list of new summer resorts as the one farthest from civilization, and although most probably painfully exaggerated, as the one offering the most liberal supply of primitive and picturesque nature.

"At all events it was new, and so it was chosen.

\* \* \* \* \*

"For twelve hours before reaching the lake, our ride had been over a country of unvarying fertility and beauty—rich, rolling prairies.

"Now, however, we began to long for woods, for native trees, and as we approached the lake region the desire was gratified.

"Passing the Okoboji Lake, with its densely wooded banks, a few moments more and we were at the Hotel Orleans. The supper was pronounced excellent, but then we were hungry, for it was already nine o'clock.

"Wait till you try the beds!' These also gave us no opportunity to croak.

"Two weeks stay heard us daily, hourly ejaculate, was there ever such a marvel of perfection in any summer hotel? And this is indeed one of the first requisites to summer rest and recreation. Our human needs must be well provided for. We must have ample provision for creature comforts. But here was found more.

"The aesthetic side of one's nature was also gratified. Here stood this great, rambling hotel, away from other signs of civilization, upon a strip of land only 600 feet wide, separating two beautiful lakes, one end of it peeping out into open space and overlooking a most beautiful and fertile farming country as far as the eye can reach; the other end nestling in a beautiful grove of native trees, the entire front looking off upon Spirit Lake, some five miles wide, and the rear upon East Okoboji Lake, where little steamers are landing every fifteen minutes. Entirely around the house, which is 350 x 70 feet, upon every floor, a sixteen-foot veranda, making in all over half a mile of this luxury for summer life, so that no matter how full the house may be, there is always abundant room for one to be as secluded as one could wish.

"Neither bell nor gong announces meals, but a fine band of music. In the dining room, one finds not only a table which defies criticism, but also the best of service. The dining room and kitchen are slightly separated by a covered walk from the main building, and hence no noise or smell even, reaches the rooms.

"I am always pleased to take ladies through my kitchen,' said

host Hutchinson, and the acceptance of such an invitation will surely be rewarded with an increased relish for meals.

"The rooms are large, airy, and each one opens out upon a veranda, by a well screened door and transom, as well as by a door into the hall. But enough of what man has provided for the happiness of those seeking rest.

"Let us look out upon Spirit Lake. It is quite uniform in shape and nearly five miles in diameter, free from weeds and full of fish, such as pike, pickerel and bass. Looking from the veranda down its southwestern shore, one sees a beautiful, pebbly beach, with such a perfect outline at the water's edge that it seems impossible that nature has wrought so perfectly.

"There is a long stretch of this shining shore, sloping gradually to the water, and presenting the appearance of an artificial gravel walk, about thirty feet wide, between the trees and the water's edge, while the bank is abrupt and bordered with a four-foot walk of boulders as regularly placed as though done by the hand of man. No pen can describe any of these lakes or the beauty of the surrounding country. The drives are even more attractive than the boating, and livery service is both cheap and good.

"Driving westerly around the lake, the road leads one out through timber, through beautiful fields and back again along the shore, past seven mounds and about as many little lakes — beautiful lakes, some of which hug so closely to Spirit Lake as to scarcely leave room to drive between.

"When you have reached the opposite shore from the hotel you will also find yourself in Minnesota.

"Returning, whatever may be your natural inclination to flora, you will inevitably succumb to the charms of the wild flowers; and if you chance to have a pre-existing fondness, you will go wild over their profusion and variety.

"Wild roses are everywhere; the buds are in long clusters and every shade of pink, cream, white and salmon color.

"Henceforth call no painting of wild roses an exaggeration of their beauty.

"And their odor is equal to that of the French hedge rose or

the finest June roses. The weather is uniformly cool and pleasant; so cool, in fact, that hay fever subsides here as in the Lake Superior country.

"Every day excursions are planned through the Okoboji Lakes, which afford opportunity for some thirty-five miles of steamboating, and also good fishing.

"Here will be found great variety and irregularity in shore line as well as most picturesque scenery."

Every word of the above will be found to be true. The Spirit Lake region, on account of its loveliness and the shining light which hangs over the lake and the country to the Northwest, was regarded by the aborigines of this country as the favored spot where the Great Spirit manifested itself to the Indians. Spirit Lake, which is about 1,700 feet above the sea level, lies on the southern edge, of what early explorers called the "Coteau des Prairies," but which the Indians called the "Shining Mountains." It is a spot rich in legendary story, and well worthy of a visit aside from its natural beauty and healthful location.



In addition to the charming summer resort of

# SPIRIT LAKE

And its companions in Northern Iowa, the tourist can purchase a ticket via the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway to the following famous summer resorts of Minnesota:

**LAKE MINNETONKA,  
WHITE BEAR LAKE, DULUTH,  
ST. PAUL,  
MINNEAPOLIS, CLEAR LAKE, IOWA.**

Via this line you can reach a thousand other hunting and fishing resorts in Minnesota and the Northwest, of which it has been said "there is no part of Uncle Sam's dominions that furnishes grander sport than that to be had at the Minnesota lakes during the stay of water fowl. Of the 8,000 lakes that are very evenly distributed over the Northern and Western portions of the State, a large number consist of immense fields of wild rice, through which the hunter forces his way in a canoe, or seeks a favorable pass where the flights of ducks from lakes to lakes will give him employment."

## TRAIN ARRANGEMENTS:

Solid trains are run between St. Louis, Minneapolis and St. Paul via the

**St. Louis, Keokuk & North-Western,  
CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY,  
BURLINGTON, CEDAR RAPIDS & NORTHERN**

—AND—

**MINNEAPOLIS & ST. LOUIS RAILWAYS.**

Solid trains are run between Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul via the

**→ Albert Lea Route ←**

COMPOSED OF THE

**Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway,  
Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway,  
and Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway.**

These trains consist of Coaches, Baggage and Smoking Cars, and Pullman Sleeping Cars.

Remember, there is no change of cars via this route between Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul, or between St. Louis, Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Commencing May 1st, the B., C. R. & N. and its connections will sell round-trip excursion tickets to the points mentioned above, at rates as low as those made via any line of Railway.

Write for a guide to the summer resorts of Iowa and Minnesota, furnished free by the Passenger Department.

**C. J. IVES**, General Superintendent.

**J. E. HANNEGAN**, Chief Clerk Passenger Department.

TOURISTS FROM THE EAST

DESIRING TO REACH

SPIRIT LAKE

AND THE

Popular Summer Resorts of the Northwest

SHOULD PURCHASE THEIR TICKETS VIA THE FAMOUS

“Albert Lea Route,”

SOLID TRAINS CONSISTING OF

ELEGANT COACHES, BAGGAGE, SMOKING CARS

AND

PULLMAN SLEEPERS

LEAVE CHICAGO, VIA THE

“GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE,”

For Minneapolis, St. Paul and Lake Minnetonka,

CONNECTING FOR ALL POINTS IN

MINNESOTA, DAKOTA, MONTANA

AND  
OREGON.

# TOURISTS FROM THE SOUTH

DESTINED TO

## SPIRIT LAKE

AND THE OTHER

Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota and Montana Resorts,

Should Purchase their Tickets via the

# St. Louis, Minneapolis & St. Paul

SHORT LINE,

*ST. LOUIS, KEOKUK & NORTHWESTERN,*

*CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY,*

*BURLINGTON, CEDAR RAPIDS & NORTHERN,*

*MINNEAPOLIS & ST. LOUIS RAILWAYS.*

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Solid Trains, with elegant Coaches, Baggage and Smoking  
Cars, and Pullman Sleepers, leave Union Depot,  
St. Louis, via the

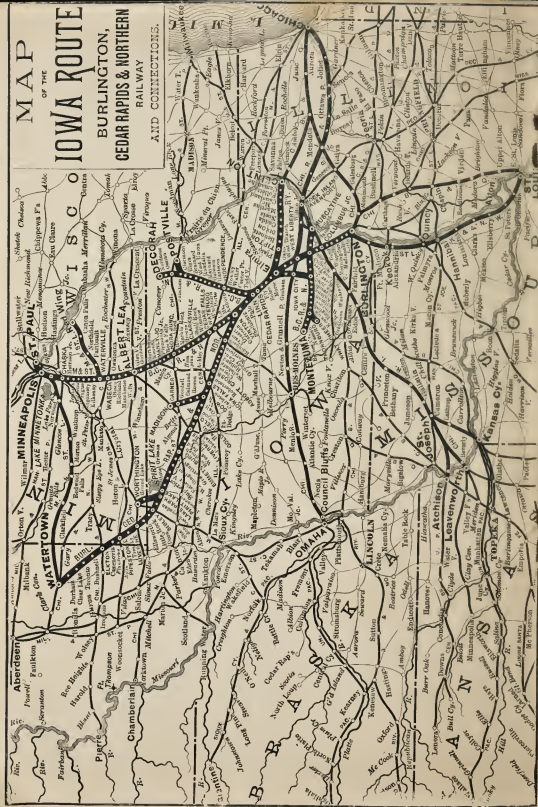
## ST. LOUIS, KEOKUK & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY

FOR

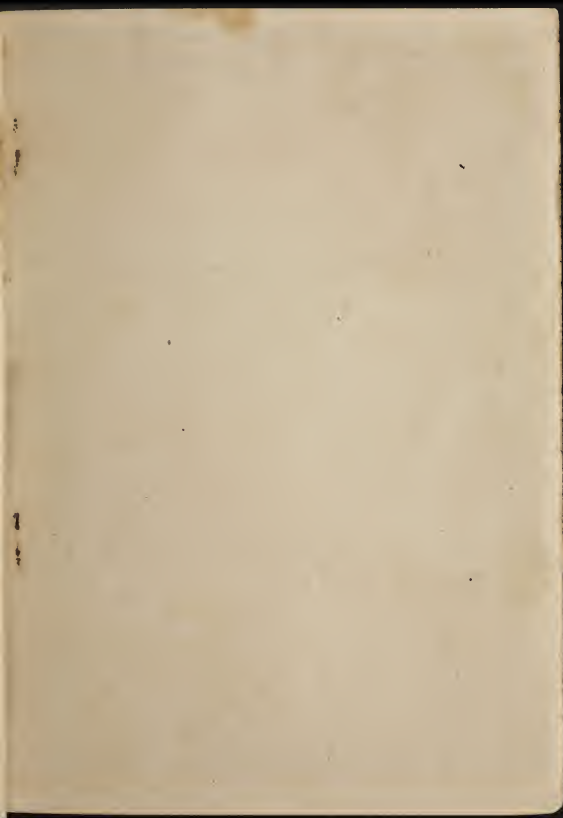
*Spirit Lake, Minneapolis, St. Paul & Lake Minnetonka.*



# MAP OF THE IOWA ROUTE BURLINGTON, CEDAR RAPIDS & NORTHERN RAILWAY AND CONNECTIONS.







# SPIRIT LAKE



# REGION